

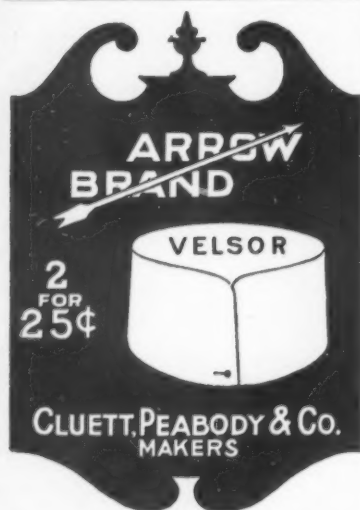
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LIFE



THANKSGIVING NO.

1899



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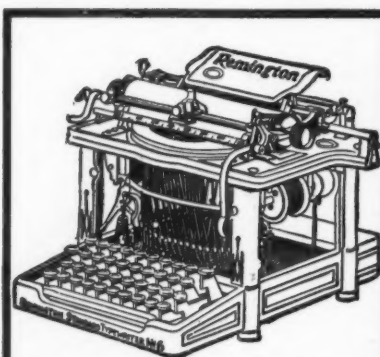
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•LIFE•



PROBATUM EST.

The Bird: I AM FOR LIBERTY; FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME. IT IS A GOOD THING. WE CANNOT HAVE TOO MUCH LIBERTY. LET US TAKE AS MUCH OF IT AS WE CAN FROM AS MANY AS WE CAN.



The South-African Catechism.

Why did the Boers migrate to their present abiding place?

Because they abandoned their former holdings for the sake of being farther away from the English.

Were the English undesirable neighbors?

It seems a safe inference when a whole nation gives up its homes and moves away.

Why did the English follow them up?

Because gold and diamonds were discovered in the new territory.

What was Jameson's raid?

An attempt by the English to possess themselves of this new land.

By fair means or foul?

Foul.

Then are Jameson and his fellow conspirators still in disgrace?

They have never been in disgrace. They are national heroes.

But the English were at peace with the Boers at that time?

Yes.

Then the raid was in open violation of international law?

Distinctly.

An indefensible attempt to gain possession of a neighbor's country in time of peace?

Yes.

What led up to the present war?

A desire of the English to control a country which was not their own.

What is the ultimate object of the English?

Treasure.

And for what are the Boers fighting?

For their country.

Will the British outnumber the Boers?

About ten to one.

Do these facts explain why the sympathies of civilized countries are wholly with the Boers?

They do.

A LITTLE girl in England was asked out to tea. On her return her mother said: "I hope you were very polite, Caroline."

"Oh, yes, mother," said she.

"The first time they handed the cake I said, 'Yes, thank you.' And the second time I said, 'A very small bit, please,' and the third time I said, 'Not any more, thank you.' But the fourth time I did not know what to say."

"Well," said her mother, "what did you do?"

"Oh, I said just what daddy says, 'Oh, take the d—d thing away!'"



Eagle: SAY, DOCTOR, HAVE YOU ANYTHING FOR A BALDHEAD?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXIV. NOVEMBER 23, 1899. No. 887.

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THERE is unusual unanimity among the doctors of the two parties in their diagnosis of the late elections. They agree that the President has been sustained in the policy of carrying the Spanish war into Asia, and that his renomination by the Republicans is inevitable. Our neighbor, the *Evening Post*, puts it fairly when it says that "opposition to imperialism could be effectively made only by a party of principle under a leader of character," and that "it was too much to ask independent voters to support a demagogue at the head of a mob as a protest against anything."

So long as Bryan is the leader of the Democrats the rash impulses of the Expansionists will have to be tempered by such discretion as the Republican party can afford, for the Democratic party will be too feeble to be of much use as an opposition. Moreover, so far as affairs in the Philippines go, there is at present better prospect of inducing order there by supporting the measures now on trial than by a change of policy. How much, or how little, share we shall take in the administration of the islands after present disturbances have been abated is still to be settled, and need not be settled in haste.

Bryan carried his own State, and, though his friends in Kentucky seem to have been whipped, and his friends in Ohio were badly disfigured, the elections did not do much for our relief so far as he is concerned. It may be necessary

that he shall lead the Democrats to defeat once more. It seems a pity to lose so much time over so impossible a leader, but the mass of the Democratic voters are very slow to learn, and when once they have given their allegiance, are extremely loath to transfer it.



THE discussion in South Africa continues without conclusive arguments being advanced up to this writing by either side. Persons who start with the assumption that the interests of civilization demand the expansion of the British Empire in South Africa are able to side strongly with the British and to feel that they are fighting the good fight for peace and liberty in Christendom. Those, however, to whom it seems that the Boers have been unduly and unnecessarily crowded are swayed by mixed emotions and subdue with difficulty their disposition to cheer when Boers get the best of a fight. Bless the dear British! We love them, but it is a sad habit they have of putting their feet into the trough!



WE are getting pretty strenuous here in New York, judging from our success in promoting prize-fights. We have them regularly, and of a quality that seems to give excellent satisfaction to persons who affect such entertainments. LIFE has no violent objection to them as long as the duty of attending them can be delegated, but it observes that moralists all over the country are pointing the toe of scorn at New York as being the only State in the Union that tolerates prize-fighting. The moralists say it is brutal and demoralizing diversion, and so much in disrepute that the Governor of Texas called out his militia some time since to hinder a prize-fight in Texas. They think we are a bad lot here in New York, and somehow they all lay our prize-fights to Governor Roosevelt and declare that if he were half as good as he looks when he addresses the mothers' meetings, he would stop them. But the Governor says they are no affair of his.

If only the right chaps fought, LIFE would defend the Horton law and the present interpretation of it. If we could

get Croker and Platt into the ring, or Gardiner and the champion of the City Club, or Educator Little and Professor Butler, it might be worth while, for some things might be settled. But for a Jeffries to pummel a Sharkey settles nothing but bets.



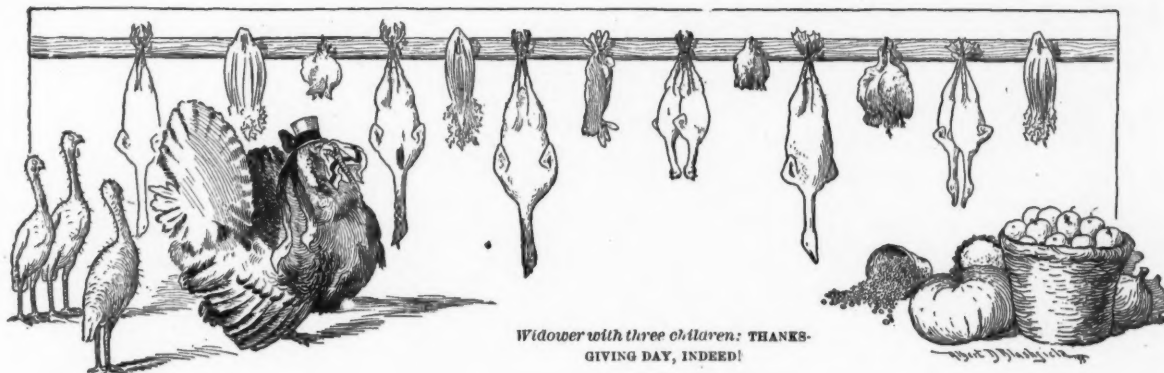
OUR New York contemporaries have had very little to say about the retirement of Mr. Godkin from the editorship of the *Evening Post*. There may be a certain degree of consideration in their silence, for Mr. Godkin, of late years, has not endeared himself to his neighbors. No doubt he might have done so if he had chosen, but it has suited him better to be the most notable American critic of all American concerns, and in fulfilling that office he has taken counsel of nothing but his own discernment.

He might perhaps, have accomplished more if he had been somewhat less ruthless, for often he has antagonized even the folks who should have been his backers. However that may be, he does not leave behind him in any newspaper office in New York a writer who is his equal in equipment. His knowledge is surpassingly comprehensive, and his powers of expression and mental grasp are so unusual as to warrant us in regretting that a larger proportion of his energies were not devoted to writings which could be preserved in books.

Mr. Godkin's health is said to be indifferent, but, in the interests of literature, we must hope that rest will restore his nerves and his strength, and enable him to write the essays and the books that he owes to us and to his own fame.



THE attention of persons who affect to believe that it is a disgrace to any nation to haul down its flag in any territory that it has once floated over is called to the withdrawal of the British flag from Samoa. As quickly as our cousins determined that it was best for all hands that they should get out of Samoa, they got out. No absurd sentiment against hauling down the British flag had any weight with them.



Not a Mastodon After All.

PRESIDENT LITTLE, of the School Board, is the person who was designated, on what was considered good authority, "a fine, old, educational mastodon." LIFE pointed out at the time that this was unjustly severe on the mastodon, subsequent events all bearing out the correctness of our statements. In

trying to exclude from the schools all the publications of Henry Holt and Company, he has planned a scheme for vengeance too petty and contemptible for the traditional mastodon to endorse without a blush.

It will be a happy day for the dignity of the School Board when this venomous official is retired to the deepest obscurity.

"DID you have a good passage?" was asked of a recent traveler.

"Fair; but I couldn't sleep. The first three nights I couldn't tell whether to shut the porthole and go to bed, or to close the bed and go to the porthole. And the last three I spent in reading the Customs Laws."

TEACHER (to class): What is an octopus?

SMALL BOY (who has just commenced to take Latin), eagerly: Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.



LIFE'S FASHIONS FOR 1900.

THE CROKER BUSINESS PROCK FOR WARD POLITICIANS.

THE DEFEW OUTING FLANNEL SAILOR SUIT.

BOOKISHNESS

The Kingdom of Boyville—and the Poets Hidden There.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S stories of "The Court of Boyville" (Doubleday) have been collected in a volume, effectively illustrated by Lowell and Verbeek. It is unfortunate that the first of the series, "The King of Boyville," is in a different volume. However, the redoubtable *Piggy Pennington* appears from time to time in these tales and reveals how he ruled in Boyville.

Boyville is a small kingdom situated about a thousand miles west of Mr. Howells's Boy's Town. They are in nearly the same latitude, and similar laws prevail in both kingdoms. Those interested in the evolution of law and custom can easily trace them from the middle states of the East. The vocabulary and the sign language are an evolution from those used in Pennsylvania Boys' Courts. In the Pennsylvania kingdoms boys don't swim "dog fashion," as in Boyville, but they swim "doggy"—and no self-respecting boy will attempt it after his first season in the "swimmin' hole." In Boyville you "lay your hair," while in the Eastern Kingdoms you "set your hair." Otherwise the language and etiquette of swimming seem to be well preserved in Mr. White's kingdom. It is not allowable in the East to throw mud on a boy after he has come out to "dry off." If you do it you must flight.

* * *

PIGGY PENNINGTON was a benevolent despot with a soft heart under his rough exterior. Most despots in Boy's Kingdoms are that kind. They have a vein of sentiment in their natures, and *Piggy's* flirtation with his Heart's Desire is common to the race of kings. Outwardly he and his courtiers may be "little brutes" in the opinion of the grown-ups of the village, but those who have lived in Boyville know that at heart they are inarticulate poets. The sentiment that underlies Mr. White's story of "A Recent Confederate Victory" is nearer the truth than the unrelieved brutalities of "Stalky & Co." Stevenson's "Lantern Bearer" on the links of Fife are types of boys everywhere. "To the eye of the observer they are wet and cold, and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of a recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an ill-smelling lantern."

Even the bad boys in Boyville can be touched if you know the spring, and that is why Mr. White's stories are a valuable addition to the literature of the Kingdom.

* * *

THE poetry of boyhood is very delicately portrayed in the earlier chapters of Quiller-Couch's "The Ship of Stars" (Scribner.) *Tuffy* did not have enough husk and prickles to protect him from the world's rough hand—therefore he got into no end of trouble when he grew up. But there are boys like *Tuffy*, dreamy and yet capable, full of sentiment and yet able to make a long, stern sacrifice. Perhaps they do more of the permanent work of the world than the other kind who suffer less.

The charm of this story is in its exquisite style—simple and poetic, full of fire when the action demands it, and always wonderfully picturesque.

* * *

ANOTHER phase of the poetry of boyhood appears in Ernest Seton-Thompson's "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag" (Scribner.) It is an idyll of the chase. Here is the thrill of the trail, the ardor of the born hunter, the "wild wolf" in the heart which the life of the hunter finally changes into a feeling of brotherhood for the wild creatures. At last, when the boy is face to face with the



SIR REDVERS BULLER.

stag he has so long pursued, he exclaims: "Yes, you are as wise as you are beautiful, for I will never harm a hair of you. We are brothers, oh, bounding Blacktail! only I am the elder and stronger."

The illustrations which Mr. Thompson has drawn to accompany the text are a beautiful interpretation of the story. *Droch.*

Undiscriminative.

The Sunday paper as it is, but published on any day of the week, would be a distinct and debasing iniquity. There is, even from a worldly standpoint, no element of good in it. It degrades the calling that produces it. It earns for the writer the scorn of intelligence. It litters the world of letters with the offal of morbidity. It appeals to no intelligence, elevates no morals, in the healthy mind creates no feeling but disgust. That it is an active agency in the promotion of crime, which it exalts, no observer will deny.

THIS, from the San Francisco *Argonaut*, is so true that it would seem as if there were nothing to add to it.

It is obviously unjust, however, to imply that all Sunday newspapers are alike.

In New York, for instance, the *Journal* and *World* easily outclass in venality and dirt all their competitors.

PROPRIETOR (of yellow journal): Tell me candidly, is there any depth of infamy to which you are not prepared to descend?

WOULD-BE REPORTER: Have I not already agreed to accept a job on your paper?



"NOW, GEORGE, TO WHAT CLASS OF BIRDS DOES THE EAGLE BELONG?"
 "BIRDS OF PREY."
 "AND THE TURKEY, WHERE DOES HE BELONG?"
 "ON THE TABLE."

Thanksgiving Day.

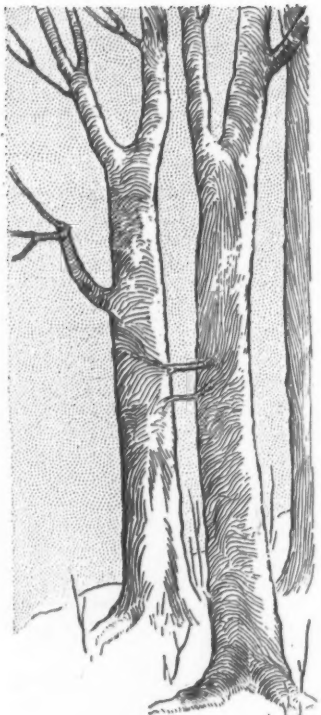
AH, did I dream? Was it a vision gay
 That swept before mine eyes and fled away?
 Was it reality, that wondrous store
 Of pies and turkey, cakes and sweets galore,
 And elder, too, that erst with stealthy straw
 I from the barrel had been wont to draw,
 Now placed, with all the rest, that blissful day,
 At my sweet will, with none to say me nay?
 Ah, woe is me! It was no vision rare
 From such delights that seized me unaware—
 No dream is this, that fills my frame with woe,
 And in mine own apartments lays me low,
 While bottles and prescriptions ranged about
 Remind that man is mortal, and without,
 The family physician goes his way
 To other victims of Thanksgiving Day. K. B. L.

COUSIN BULL: It takes two to make a quarrel.

SAMUEL: Not at all. One will do, if he's small enough.



"PLAYING THE RACES"



My New Umbrella.

I CHOSE with care and had my pick
In weight of silk and fancy stick,
And, of the cover sizes, got
The very smallest of the lot.

And now, with Gladys in the rain,
The wisdom of my choice is plain;
To keep from getting wet, you see,
She has to walk so close to me.

Joe Lincoln.

Let Us Not Be Ungrateful.

THANKSGIVING being a day set apart
for its own special purpose, let us
pause and consider our manifold blessings.

Indeed, things are not so bad as they
might be.

It is true that William McKinley is President of the United States, but it might be worse. Alger might have had his place, and there is no knowing what might have happened then.

Certainly, we are fighting the Philippines, and it is a mighty bad business throughout, from the beginning unto the end, which is not yet.

But we ought to be thankful to know that we are engaged in warfare with only a part of one tribe. This, it is true, is costing us several millions a minute, some of our best blood, and, aside from the loss to our own self-respect, is making us a laughing stock. Something like sixty thousand of our men are at present occupied in fighting this playune enemy. All this is true, but suppose we were at war with a whole tribe. This, it is easy to see, would be much worse. And so we should be thankful. We should lift up our hearts and rejoice that our dose of war is one that may be recovered from, in spite of the quack doctors now bending over the bedside.

From politics to society is a long leap, yet, here also, there are mitigating circumstances which compel our gratitude. No law has yet been passed compelling us to read in the columns of the press the

movements of our "social leaders." This in itself is a source of solace.

Oh, yes; there is much to be thankful for!

Of course, the *World* and *Journal* are still with us, and it is not to be denied that as sinks of iniquity and rottenness, they outclass anything else in the corrupting line.

Still there might be two *Journals* and two *Worlds*. It is a comfort to think that Hearst and Pulitzer have no equals.

Speaking of der drama, ve may yet smile. Ve may giv tanks dat der public yet have somethings to say, vich mitigates, ain't it, der action of der Theatrical Trust.

Suppose dat der members of der Trust presented plays only in agordance wid der own instings, un dat der publiig vas abligid to uttend?

Now, however, der people can stay away if a play is too rotten, ain't it?

So dat even der small part der public is allowed to act is a deep gause for gratitude. Yes, dot is so.

In literary circles there is much that might be worse than it really is.

In all probability neither Hall Caine nor Ian Maclaren will visit this country for some little time.

Of course, there is always the chance that some new and hitherto unknown literary celebrity may visit us from abroad, and, under the kindly auspices of our friend Major Pond, induce another wave of hysteria.

But who knows but what, this year, we may be spared all this, and thus add another obligation to kind Providence.

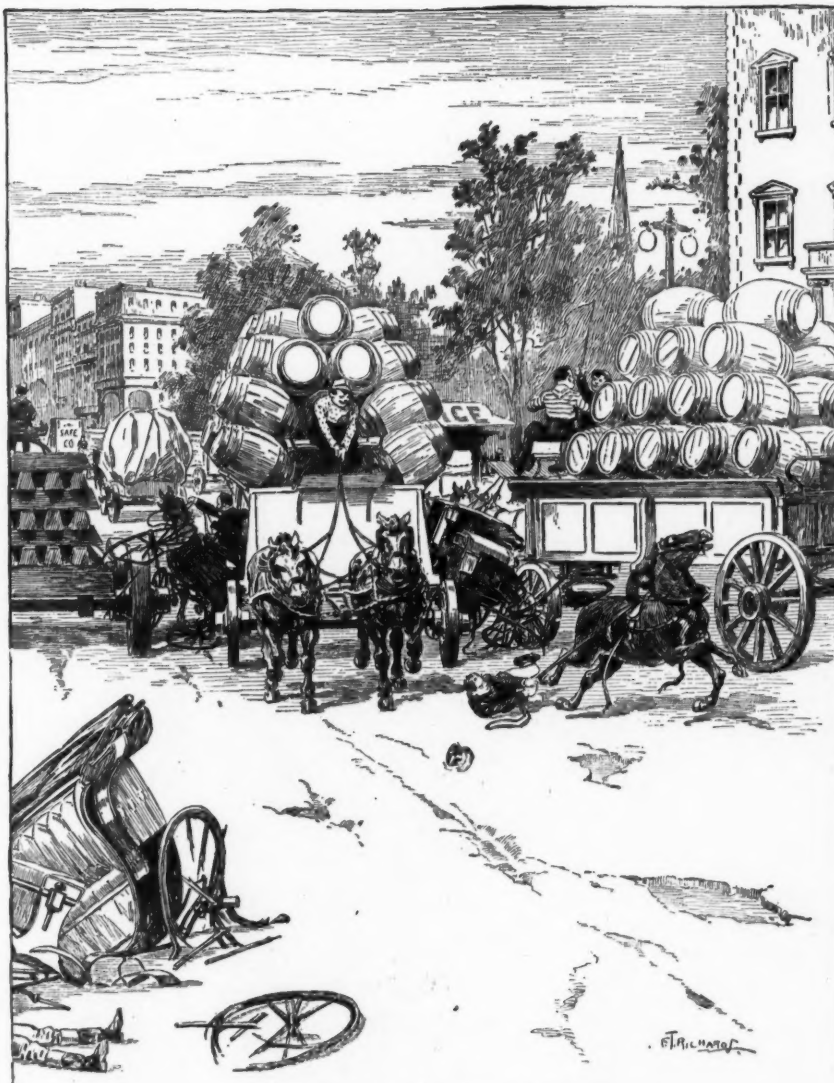
Truly, when we consider all these manifold blessings, who shall say that, after all, a Thanksgiving day this year is not as appropriate as it ever has been?

Let us rejoice and be thankful!

"WHEN I visit my Fifth Avenue friends, it is difficult to tell the butlers from the heads of the house."

"That's hard on the butlers."





FIFTH AVENUE ON A PLEASANT AFTERNOON.

DRIVERS OF HEAVY TRAMS ARE NOT EXCLUDED BECAUSE THEIR FEELINGS MIGHT BE HURT.

Two Kinds of Heroes.



Is the trouble with Schley, or with his friends? We think it lays principally with his friends. The United States Government, backed by the United States people appears to have decided that to Admiral Sampson belongs some credit for the victory at Santiago. But certain individuals, supported by one or two journals, have decided that Admiral Schley, and he alone, shall have the

biggest slice. And they have proceeded to ram him down the throats of the United States people.

This is a mistake. For even the United States people will turn when too much trampled on, and they are beginning to regard the flamboyant Schley with mingled sentiments. We have no violent feelings in this matter, but as to glory, we suspect the unassuming and efficient Sampson will receive from impartial history a much thicker coating of it than his too assertive competitor.

The Cry of the Hostess.

OH, I am weary, heart and hand,
And warped, and worn and
strained,
So tired of entertaining, and
Of being entertained!

So prostrate is my weighted soul
With dinners, luncheons, teas,
I'd build a house at the North Pole,
To get away from these.

And with what joy I'd waltz about,
In hourly growing glee,
If no one came to ask me out,
Or ever called on me.

Oh, what delight to sit and gaze
Over the wastes of snow,
Quite sure no form would cross the
space,
Either of friend or foe.

Fearing nor woman, man, nor child,
Nor even the postman's ring,
The cards and invitations piled
That he is sure to bring.

Yea, could I pay my calls, and see
My list quite clear again,
My score wiped out, my tablet free,
My mind at ease . . . ah, then,

I'd ask of Fate, with grateful tears
This dearest blessing shown—
For the remainder of my years
Just to be let alone.

Madeline S. Bridges.

The Lesser of the Two Terrors.

"THE Rev. Goodly was saved
from a horrible fate."

"How so?"

"He had willed his body after
death to a medical society, and
now the news has arrived that he
has been killed and eaten by can-
nibals!"



A COPPER SENT.







A Medley of Complaint.

E Americans have always prided ourselves on being a humorous race, not only in the sense that we could appreciate humor, but that we could originate it. Why, then, we have to go to Paris, or to Paris through London, for the material of our theatrical fun-making is a mystery that nothing but a Theatrical Syndicate can explain. The Theatrical Syndicate refuses to explain and, with the haughtiness that should properly characterize a Theatrical Syndicate, goes on its own smiling way and imports and translates French farces, direct or via London, and expects American audiences to pay two dollars and a half per seat to laugh at them. Sometimes the American audience, which has paid two dollars and a half per seat, laughs, and sometimes it doesn't.

In the case of "Make Way for the Ladies," at the Madison Square Theatre, the audience laughs quite a good deal. This is a Parisian farce imported without the intervention of London. Its translation is pretty direct, and the original French color shows through the American dye. In Paris legal divorce and the new woman—the well-bred woman who works for a living—are both new institutions. Anything new in Paris is a subject for ridicule, and in this farce the two new things are carried to a point of ridicule that takes them far beyond the limits of reality and even of American imagination. This makes the whole piece dependent upon the personal abilities of the actors to make themselves absurd.

To waste the real abilities of artists like Miss May Robson, Mr. E. M. Holland, and Mr. Fritz Williams on such trifling material is characteristic of the policy of an anomaly like a Theatrical Syndicate. Art and syndicates should not co-exist. When they do, we find farmers putting thoroughbreds to the plow, and miniature painters engaged in the gentle art of whitewashing. All of which means that "Make Way for the Ladies" is the veriest trifle made laughable to a certain extent by the clever people who are reduced by Syndicate methods to appearing in it. Notwithstanding the cleverness of the actors, a really discerning public would not tolerate or patronize the entertainment for a week.

MISS JULIA ARTHUR made a brave stand for the rights of people on the stage for a fair hearing from their audi-

ences. There has been a diversity of opinions as to whether or no it was in good taste for her to interrupt her performances because people in the theatre chattered and disturbed her equanimity, or inspiration, as an artist.

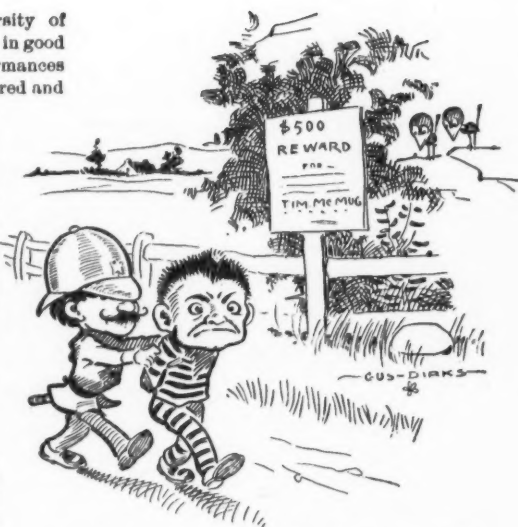
It has been claimed that Miss Arthur should have depended on the various managements under which she has appeared to protect her and her company from annoyance by people in the audiences. This would be a valid claim, and Miss Arthur would have been spared adverse criticism for her extreme measures if managers ever protected actors from bad audiences or audiences from bad actors.

BUT it isn't within the province of theatrical managers to protect either

actors or the public. Beyond a few elementary matters managers pay very little attention to anything except the requirements of their own pockets. As a case in point, there was never a manager who dared risk his dollars in abating the nuisance of the theatre-bat. It took a long fight on the part of the press—and LIFE not in the rearguard—to teach ill-bred women that it was not following the Golden Rule to shut off a view of the stage from fellow-creatures who had also paid for seats. No manager ever made a woman leave his theatre because she declined to stop robbing one of his patrons of part of the goods that the manager had agreed to deliver. It is going to extremes to blame the managers for Miss Arthur's interruption of performances. The employment of more intelligent ushers would, in each case, have prevented her action.

A fairer treatment of the public at their box offices would save managers from some hostile criticism. The present conduct of box-office business is like using the most ingenious devices to get the last drop of blood out of a victim. That the victim does not scream out in his agony, fails to prove that the process is painless. The public stands lots of things for a long time but eventually it is likely to turn, and get more than even with its oppressor.

THE Theatrical Syndicate, is, of course, the worst offender in the matter of bleeding the public at the box-office, as it is in the matter of degrading art on the stage. It has contrived to get its tentacles around even so great an organization as Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Company. Sir Henry will probably take back



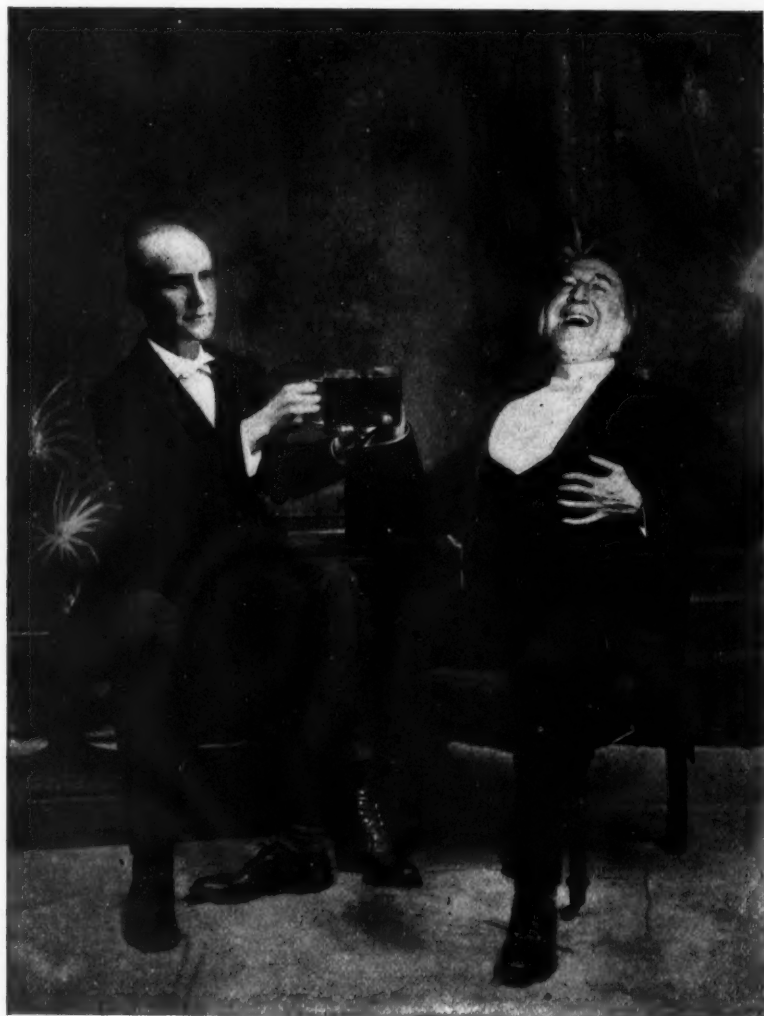
THE BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

with him more money than he ever gained from a tour in this country, but it will be at a cost of severe irritation to his American admirers and supporters. In New York there has been a treatment of the public who wished to see him act never experienced in any of his previous tours. Sir Henry is not to be blamed personally, but it is a striking commentary on the condition of the stage in America that the highest development of dramatic art should be made the tool of the managerial greed which is moved by only the lowest of ambitions.

FORTUNATELY for us the Boer is not a romantic person, and his humor, if he has any, is not of the kind that we have learned to understand. Otherwise the present unhappy situation in South Africa would fill our vaudeville stage with Boer comedians and the more serious houses would be compelled to have Boer melodramas with Boer maidens and British heroes, or *vice versa*, to an extent sickening to the person who believes the theatre something more than a yellow journal reflective of the passing sensation.

And, come to think of it, our own missionary war in the Philippines has not yet been productive of any dramatic material except an occasional alleged Filipino in the Bowery museums. Can it be possible that there is no motive sufficiently heroic in these two wars of progress to stir the dramatic muse of the Anglo-Saxon race? There must be something wrong somewhere, somehow.

Metcalfe.



LIFE'S ALBUM OF FRIENDSHIPS.
EUGENE V. DEBS AND CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

appreciate their unchristian attitude and will take immediate measures to enter the pathway of love and duty.

For it would be a most grievous setback to the progress of religion if these people—after having been so creditably informed that the real object of our struggle in the archipelago is the conversion of the Catholic Tagalogs; and, if it be possible, of some of the Mohammedan Moros—should still refuse to sanction the sacrifice of a few lives and the giving of a few paltry dollars.

Of course, unhappily, there are a few—those whose necks are irremediably stiffened—that will continue to find fault with the plan of sending the Cres to deserving heathen by cannon balls and bullets, though they have no reason for their opposition save the fact that the Founder of their religion did not employ such methods. They cannot be made to understand that cannon balls and bullets could not have been used eighteen hundred and sixty-seven years ago, as these articles of civilization were then unknown quantities. For, to such people, the march of evolution shows no footprints.

But, and let us be thankful for it, the great majority of the citizens of our land of freedom will now see clearly the true purpose of the campaign in the Filipino country, and their hearts will go out in gratitude to the bishop for his comfort-giving interpretation.

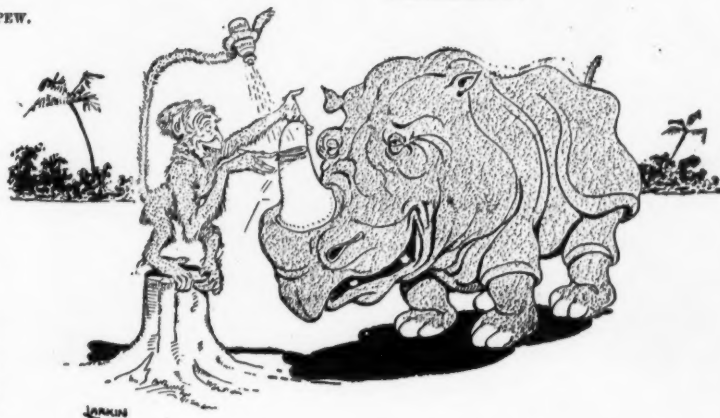
All credit will they give the reverend gentleman for the welcome information that the many items of millions and of hundred millions are not entered in the Government ledger under a "Conquest"

A Glorious Interpretation.



BISHOP FOWLER in a recent interview proclaimed the glad tidings that our war in the Philippines is "a great missionary movement."

Because of this authoritative and timely assertion it is to be hoped that many of the deluded opposers of the President's expansion policy will



THE MANICURE OF THE DESERT.

account, but that they appear on the fair page headed "Foreign Missions."

Cheerfully will they pay their share of the so-called war taxes. Each revenue stamp they cancel will bring to them the same happy feeling they experience when they drop their contributions into the alms basin.

Their voices will be heard as they swell the glad chorus of "Millions for missions, but not one cent for conquest!" The mighty volume of sound will reach the wild men that do not perceive the blessings of assimilation, and the ringing words will show them the errors of their ways. The Administration will listen with unspeakable satisfaction. And among the missionaries throughout the whole world, as the refrain reaches them, there will be great thanksgiving. Yes, even the little children will rejoice, for the mite chest will be needed no more.

G. T. Evans.

A Fine Point.

STATUE OF LIBERTY: What on earth has driven you to wearing spectacles? Your good eyesight has always been proverbial.

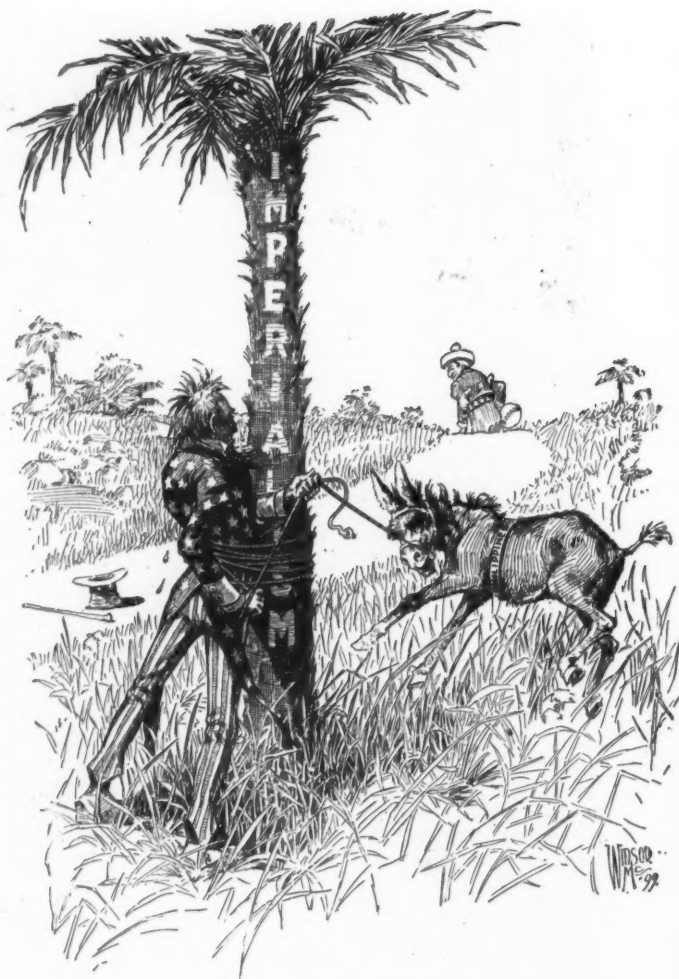
AMERICAN EAGLE: I strained my eyes trying to see the point to this war with the Filipinos.

'Beware, and stop in time, as I did, or even you will go stone blind.'

EMANUEL LEVY was a hard-working and ambitious drummer in the woolen cloth line. His route lay through the smaller towns in Western New York, and his employers expected him to "cover" about five of them each day he was out. Emanuel always tried to reach at the



"ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME, LITTLE BOY?"



"OH! HE WILL COME AROUND PRETTY SOON."

end of the day one of the larger cities having good hotels, so that he would not have to endure the hardships incidental to the hard beds and harder diet of the average country hostelry.

On one occasion he had had an especially tiresome day, owing to railway delays, and did not reach Rochester until almost midnight. He went as usual to the X—House, where he was accustomed to stay and where he was well known.

"Sorry, old man," said the clerk, "but we haven't got a room in the house. Fireman's Convention here to-day, and they're sleeping in cots in the parlor."

"But you've got to take care of me," rejoined Emanuel. "I was never so tired in my life, and there isn't a train out of here to-night. What do you mean, any way, by filling your house up with firemen who will never come here again and turning away regular customers?"

"Can't help it, Manny; ask the boss."

"But what am I going to do? I've got to sleep somewhere."

"Hold on a minute—perhaps I can fix you. Do you mind sleeping on a cot?"

"Sleeping on a cot? Why, I'd sleep on a keg of nails."

"Well, in the little room off of 42 there's a cot. In 42 we've got a sporting man, with a big bank roll. There's no lock on the door between the rooms, and he made us promise we wouldn't put anyone in there. But if you'll be on the dead level, go in quietly and get out the same way before he's up, you can sleep there."

"Sure. I won't make noise enough to wake a mouse."

Levy went up to the room. In about three-quarters of an hour he came down again, partly dressed, and with a look of horror on his face.

"Mein Gott, Billy!" he exclaimed, as he reached the desk, "but that man's dead."

"Yes, I knew he was dead," replied Billy, "but how did you find it out?"



besides being laudable in itself. He is said to have remarked once that any man who has accumulated above his necessities money enough to make him uneasy, ought to spend the remainder of his life in getting rid of it. It is currently believed that Mr. Carnegie recently retired from Pittsburg to the fastnesses of Scotland with one hundred million dollars of five per cent. bonds, and this being the case, and estimating that Mr. Carnegie has yet some fifty years to live, a simple mathematical calculation will easily emphasize the fact that not only the five million dollars interest money, but enough more from the capital to reduce the whole amount to nothing in this period of time will have to be spent to accomplish what Mr. Carnegie has pronounced as the end in view.

It is not to be expected that our Scotch friend will succeed in this, for even the most cursory examination of his life will show that he is much more successful in accumulating wealth than in getting rid of it. As a boy this trait was early in evidence, and it is natural, as he grew, when the necessity of keeping the wolf from the door was not so apparent, that even such a superfluity of wealth should not be able to turn aside this habit at once.

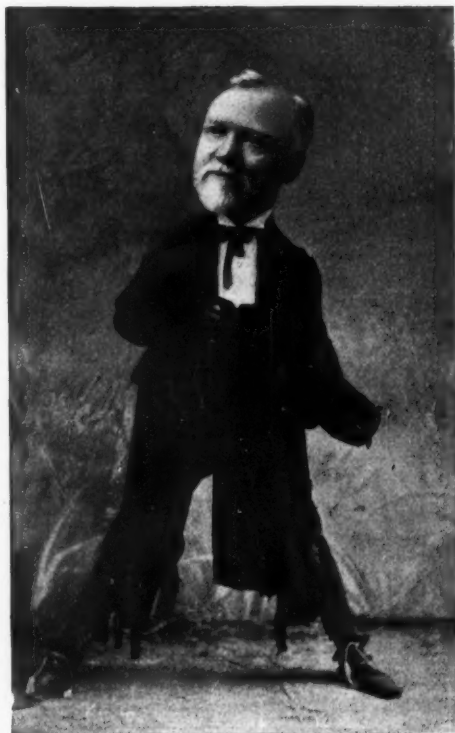
The necessity for posing before the public, however, and for cultivating the society of other men less wealthy and more superior than himself, involved Mr. Carnegie in growing methods of extravagance.

But this is an object in itself, so that we may say, even in this respect, that he is still true to his nature and fully expects to get his money's worth. If not here, hereafter.

Still Harder Work.

MR. CLOSE, SR.: What! more money? You seem to think that dollars are picked up in the street. I want you to understand that I had to work hard for every cent I've got.

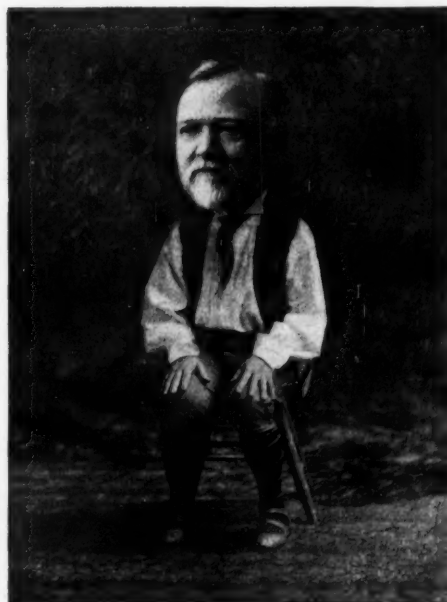
HIS SON: Yes; and I have to work harder for every cent I get.

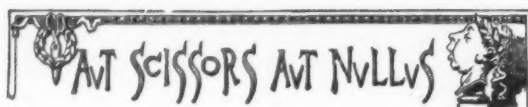


Andrew Carnegie.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no library begun."

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S habit of founding libraries seems to have become so chronic that now no respectable hamlet in the United States need be without one. It is not a bad habit in itself, and much more commendable than the practice of some other Scotchmen, who persist in writing books





WHAT'S IN AN ENGLISH NAME?

I once loved a maiden so comely,
Whose name was All-in-a-Cholmondeley;
But shortly my thoughts and my dreams
Were wandering to Wendolin Wemyss.
And soon my poor heart rose with leaps
To the bairn of Delicia Pepsys.
And next I was lying in pawn
To the charms of Felicia Strachan,
Who proved but a faithless deceiver,
And left me to Adelaide Belvoir.
Then ere long I implored as a boon
The hand of fair Margery Mohun;
Too soon to be laid on the coals
By love of Elizabeth Knollys,
Who caused me to swear like a trooper
Till I met with my Madeline Cowper.
She taught me her charms were a myth—
So I wedded a plain Mary Smith.

— *October Overland Monthly.*

HENRY KEYES, of Vermont, was a life-long Democrat. Governor Mattacks—or Judge Mattacks—was for a brief period a Democrat also. After he got to be a judge he soon became a Whig. While holding court at St. Johnsbury he occupied a room at the leading hotel, which, as was usual during court time, was full. Late at night Mr. Keyes arrived and wanted a bed. The landlord informed him that every bed in the house had two in it except the one that was occupied by Judge Mattacks.

"Go up and tell him that Henry Keyes wants to sleep with him."

The landlord went up, rapped at the Judge's door, and told him his errand.

"Henry Keyes," said the judge, half-asleep; "Henry Keyes, of Newbury? Democrat? Oh, yes, I've had it once; let him in." — *Argonaut.*

"I've a plan that will quickly settle the difficulties in the Philippines," observed the man with the bulging brow, entering the office of the editor of the anti-imperialist *Screacher*.

"Good; take a chair," said the editor, greeting him warmly. "What's the plan?"

"Why, it's as easy and cheaper than lending money," began the man with the bulging brow. "All you've got to do is to induce McKinley to declare war against Spain; give her another good deckin', and then force her to take back them islands and cough up that twenty million she buu-coed us out of." — *Verdict.*

AN ex-judge is cashier of a certain bank. One day recently he refused to cash a check offered by a stranger.

"The check is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge; "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash, we have to be careful."

— *Argonaut.*

EVEN the worst enemies of the Hanna administration will not claim that it ever betrayed a trust. — *Detroit News.*

If Mr. McKinley is right, and the Almighty is responsible for the Administration's Philippine policy, Mr. Bryan may as well make up his mind to face a heresy trial.

— *Detroit News.*



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Dracula. By Bram Stoker. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

The Scarlet Stigma. By James Edgar Smith. Washington: James J. Chapman.

Mental Indoor Gymnastics. By G. D. M. Schreiber, M.D. New York: Gustav E. Stechert.

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The October Number has ideas for Christmas presents, new centerpieces, doilies, tea cloths, bureau and dresser scarfs, clipping, autographs and kodak books, pin cushions, shopping bags, photo frames and novelties in sofa pillows, ruffs for child's crocheted silk cap, drawn work and the new Morris embroidery. All profusely illustrated, including handsome colored plates.

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If you have any doubt as to the value of telephone service in your own house ask the New York Telephone Company, by mail or telephone, for a copy of "A Modern Convert." After reading it you will be another. Perhaps you were not aware that telephone service for a year may now be had in New York for the price of a modest tailor-made gown.

MRS. VAN SWAMP: William, dear, as you have another child coming on, will you kindly hold the baby's rattle in your hand? It amuses the sweet precious so much!

—BRITISH.

HE: I noticed that one of the leading golf players at the recent feminine championship contest was ruled off the course because she was offered some advice about her play by her husband.

SHE: It seems to me it would be no more than fair to give the women with husbands a reasonable handicap.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"WHAT, you want more money for your tailor? I gave you fifty dollars for him only a month ago."

"Yes, but, uncle, it was just my luck—the fellow didn't come then with his bill."—Fliegende Blätter.

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WHAT's a table though nicely spread without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head.

BACON: I see they say Dewey is descended from some of the old English kings.

ESBERT: Well, he seems to have worked up again, all right.—Tonk's Statesman.

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—Chicago Record.

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—Washington Star.

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